

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

Real Stories in Everyday Smells

By WINIFRED BLACK.



Winifred Black

AND now they're all talking about smells. Rudyard Kipling started the talk, when he began to say things about the smell of wood smoke and how it made him feel. And so, after the ancient fashion of the world and the people who live in it, we're all sitting around the fire and telling what smells we like and what smells we hate, and what smells make us think of.

There's nothing in the world that sticks so close to the memory as a smell. I wonder if it's because the nerves of smell are the closest of all to the brain?

The more highly cultivated we are, the less we seem to know about smells. Primitive people are very much like dogs. I've seen an Indian trace a man through the thicket by the smell he left behind him, and negroes can follow their own particular articles before, just as I like best in the way of smells?

First of all, the old-fashioned kind, thick and purple and dewy and fragrant. I never smell a bunch of lilies without feeling as if I were ten years old in a gingham frock with my hair braided down my back.

Order of Nature.

That's because I always took the first bunch of lilies to the school to teacher, and was very proud of it.

And then, I love lilies-of-the-valley and the way they smell. It's always a surprise—the perfume of the delicate little things.

You think it is going to be faint and delicate like the perfume of a lily, and, lo, it's spiced and piquant.

And then how about the smell of wood, just kindling into flame; and don't you love the perfume from burning leaves early in the spring or late in the fall, but in the garden when the sun's going down and all the world seems to be turning over and giving a sigh of content?

And the sea, the salt, salt sea, why, half the glory of it is in the whiff you get before you even see it. Shut your eyes now and there it is, blue and cool and flecked with lacy white, a-dance along the sandy shore.

The cities have their smells, each one a different odor.

Chicago smells of smoke; New Orleans smell of molasses; San Francisco smells of flowers and fruit and of tall eucalyptus and its oil. Los Angeles smells of roses and violets—and of petroleum.

Pittsburgh smell of coal; Washington smells of lilies and of melting asphalt—and of moth balls.

In a Great City.

New York? Oh, New York smells—of money. All sorts of money, paper and silver and gold, but always money, always money. Sh—! I can fairly hear it—smelling—can't you?

And then there are the ferryboats and police courts and hospitals. Each with a separate and distinct smell of its own.

I sat next to some one from a hospital at a concern the other day, and all of the singing of the sweet violins was of a sudden hushed to me, and all I heard was the weird, monotonous chant the blood makes surging in the ears—when the surgeon nods to the assistant and says, "She's going under," and you're afraid they'll think you're farther "under" than you are and will begin to work before you can speak.

How full it is of sensation, this world of ours, and the strange, subtle, complicated life in it.

I knew a burglar once who was going to kill a woman that screamed when she looked up and saw him in the room.

"But she had a bottle of camphor in her hand when she saw me," said the burglar, "and the scent of that camphor kind of came over me, and I couldn't do it."

"My mother had headache a good deal, and when I climbed into her lap I used to get a whiff of camphor, and when I smelled it again that night—"

"I couldn't strike, that's all."

In and out, back and forth, up and down, wreathes the shifting shuttle of human destiny. How many strange threads are woven in it—after all.

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The Value of Home Life

By Leo Slezak

If you would sing well, or flash your fingers across the pianoforte keyboard with effectiveness, see to it that your home life is pleasant. The musician who wears a glad smile away from his own friends, but who sulks and finds undue fault when in the bosom of his family, is not the one who usually succeeds in an unusual degree.

Playing with the baby on one's knees may not be precisely dignified for public practice, yet it is good for tired nerves of even the greatest singer, pianist or violinist. There is something in this. I understand that the late E. H. Harriman loved his home, and that his invariable rule was to quit business at 4 in the afternoon so that he might be among those who meant more to him even than his thousands of miles of bright railroad tracks.

Distinguished musicians, artists, novelists, and statesmen, whose names stand forth conspicuously as men of upright character, were all men whose home interests were not subordinated to their business. It is all very well to say that to succeed in a superlative degree one must be "wedded to one's art or business," but the statement needs qualifying.

Relaxation is essential to every man who labors hard, and this comes most

naturally with wife and children. A game of chess or checkers after dinner is the most natural thing in the world for the average successful merchant. Many musicians, too, have discovered that their wives and children can win at the games they enjoy.

On the nights when I sing I always want to have my wife and son and daughter near me before going to the opera house or concert hall. I could not do myself justice if their strengthening influence were denied me. Somehow my voice would stick in my throat in the event of any domestic misunderstanding. The very fact that I have three souls near me to work for, spurs me on to do better things. During my big scenes I see their faces and almost hear their words of encouragement. There is nothing like that in all the world—not even the plaudits of the multitude.

Scores of men who have gained fame in opera and concert feel precisely as I do, and they follow the same lines in much the same way. One pianist, whose dazzling technique is always a matter for favorable critical comment, once fumbled the keyboard as the result of a squabble at home just before the concert. The inevitable moral is plain—keep cheerful at home, play with the family and the music one makes will be sweeter.

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Neckwear Models To Be Copied At Home

By MADGE MARVEL.



WOMEN are judged by their collars when the style critic looks them over. Just the right kind of neck fixing will redeem a suit which has seen better days or a gown that is not quite up to the mode.

One fashion expert has said there is a distinct style of collar for each individual feminine neck. Unless one has a fiendish genius for figures she would rather not take issue with the statement and set out to prove it, but after a day's shopping the assertion loses much of its hyperbole, for the articles of lace and net and ribbon and embroidery which have been made to fasten about necks and add to the charm of womanhood is simply bewildering. It is likewise bewilderingly lovely and exquisitely expensive.

To begin with, the collar of the moment has an importance it never before possessed. It frequently becomes waist-coat, revers and gumpie, in addition to a mere fascinating and softening neck finish for the group.

The flare collar is perhaps the newest form—and it has numerous variations. The flare style is often developed in muslin or organdie, and may have tiny tassels depended from its out-turned points, or it may show one or two tiny buttons for a finish.

The Medici ruff has a certain hint of aristocracy, and is vastly becoming to the long and slender throat.

There are delightfully frilly, frothy, irresponsible bits of neckwear, and there are good, sensible, neat collars to wear with tailored suits.

But why begin talking of something which has no end?

The wise woman, and the lucky one, is she whose knowledge of sewing and leisure will permit her to copy the wonderful importations which are so adorable in the shops and so impossible to the purse of moderate capacity. "Hand-made" is a magic phrase when one mentions neckwear, and really exquisite hand sewing is never cheap—very properly not.

The three examples shown give excellent ideas of what is newest and best in collars, and can be reproduced at home without great adeptness as a needlewoman. The chief requirement is to be exact in cutting the lace and fitting the collar, for fine materials will not make up for ill-fitting fripperies.

In the center model the foundation is of firm white net. It is fitted over the shoulders with tiny tucks, and held to the figure with elastic bands. The flare collar and the jabot are of dotted lace and the boning holds the flare in position. The seam in the center of the middle pleat of the jabot may or may not be used. If desired the jabot may fasten over the side. The buttons are fastened with tiny cord loops. About the edge of the jabot is a band of insertion.

The other models are made on net foundations. One illustrates the charm of the surplice and the other is delightfully thorough looking and will accord well with tailored garb.

In this the collar is of fine organdie. The revers have buttons of imitation jade and simulated buttonholes, and the ribbon is of black moire in the popular "old-cloth" shine.

The other shows little Futurist roses embroidered in purple and orange in the center of each fine linen point. Underneath there is a frill of net.

The neckwear designers have been more than generous. It is quite "up to" the purchaser to be wise in her choice. What may be bewitchingly becoming to one woman may be wretchedly unbecoming to another. Remember, not all women can wear the same manner of collar any more than they can wear the same hat.

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Here Is the Best Picture Published of the White House Bride and Her Gown



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This wedding gown is made of ivory white satin and trimmed with real old point lace. The bodice is draped with satin which crosses in front and is brought to a point below the shoulders, front and back. The V-shaped neck is finished with folds of soft tulle. The long mousquetaire sleeves are made of tulle. The old point lace is gracefully draped over the right shoulder to the left side of the waist, and is fastened with a spray of orange blossoms; the lace then continues as a border to the long transparent tunic of tulle, which graduates to the side of the skirt at the train. The train is 3½ yards in length.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Overhaul Your Habits If Your Eyelids Puff

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A. M. D. (Johns Hopkins)

THE schoolboy's copy-book, about the bullfrog who envied the bull and puffed and puffed himself up until he exploded, has a lesson in it for everybody with puffy eyelids.

Alice in Wonderland, when she puffed herself up as high as the table in the underground cavern, where she met the mouse, did so unconsciously. She was not like the vain bullfrog.

Puffiness under the eyes is usually of the Alice in Wonderland type. No matter how willful you may be, you cannot voluntarily, at your own sweet pleasure, puff your eyelids.

The puffy, bloated appearance beneath your eyeball comes willy-nilly, like a thief in the night. True enough, it is due to definite physiological causes, but these come on silently and insidiously, independent of your own control.

What, then, may be justly blamed for this condition? Why do some, free of all serious ailments, have puffy eyelids, while others, with malignant maladies, lack this "oedema" of the optic cups?

When watery fluids issue forth from the human vermilion streams and the straw-colored lymph channels of the body into the adjacent, soft tissue, these tissues become soggy, puffy and swollen.

Suppose the analogy, which you often see, of a garden hose broken and leaky. Over the leak there is tied a piece of linen, a handkerchief, or a rubber balloon. It is tied above and below the leak.

Why Eyelids Puff.

What happens? Why, the water which bubbles forth wells into the bandage. It swells and puffs up.

Exactly the same thing happens in the eyelids and below the eyes, partly for this reason and partly for others. It is not due so often to a leak in the veins and arteries as it is to various other physiological disturbances.

If the blood and lymph become thinned by disease; if the tissues, outside of and adjacent to the vital fluid, become saturated with salt; if the blood pressure is too high; if the heart pumps too rapidly; if you receive a blow in the eye, the lower part of the eye and lids may become puffed.

Overeating, overdrinking, and under-sleeping are among the iniquities that predispose you to puffy eyes.

Waterlogged eyelids are also due to "black eyes" and bruises. The lymph and serum, which drain away from the injured structures, collect in the lower part of the eye socket. Thence they filter into the flabby, lower eyelid.

The Best Cure.

Bright's disease of the kidneys, diabetes, the sugar sickness, prevails in the eyelids, internal eye troubles, anemia and other blood disorders, over-exertion, heart infirmities, fat-making vicarious and certain brain troubles all contribute at times in causing puffy lids.

It must be plain from all this that to avoid the ills of puffy lids, all you need do is to prevent the disturbances which produce that condition.

Perhaps this is not such a simple matter. Indeed, even the skilled physician himself may discover the presence of a hidden malady by the observation of puffiness under the eyes!

Be this as it may, as soon as this

Answers to Health Questions

Steady Reader—Recommend a safe lotion to promote the growth of eye lashes.

Two grains of resorcin in red vaseline; massage gently across the eyebrows exactly in the way they fall—not against the grain.

Twenty-one Years Old—I'm a girl in perfect health, except two black wells under my eyes.

Plenty of rest at night and plenty of sun baths by day, and the massage of the hollows with castor oil will help.

H. C. K.—After you have gained thirty pounds at a sanatorium and are said to be O. K. from tuberculosis, what is the best home treatment to stay cured?

Live at home just as you did at the sanatorium. Do not change the excellent outdoor habits, the fresh night air, the meat, milk and eggs, the cold shower or wash in the morning, the sunlight of the high noon.

The secret of cure in tuberculosis is gain in weight from plenty of sunlight, with nutritious, fatty, moist mabulum, fresh air and proper exercise. Work as much and walk as much out-of-doors as possible.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic, and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally if a stamped and addressed envelope is inclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care this office.



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